PART TWO

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Containing Proposed Amendments to the Constitution

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The Divided Road

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Her bright head held proudly high, Valerie swept gracefully into the chair opposite her father. Her deep blue, pool-like eyes were bright with inner fire.

"Father, can you imagine? Nelson has really made up his mind to practice medicine in that little town of Royton. Think of it!" she ended with a tone approaching anger. "That old rag-bag of a doctor of yours is to blame. I simply can't go there!"

Mr. Bronson smiled as he laid down his paper, but there was a faint sadness in his smile. "My dear, you and Nelson are unlucky enough to love each other. He is unlucky enough to have in him a desire to be of service where most men don't care to be—and where you don't want to go. I am afraid my old friend, 'Doc' Barnes, wants Nelson to take over his practice."

"Yes! But think what a future Nelson would have in this city—"

"And think how nice it would be for you—good times without end here among your friends! I know, lass, how it appeals to you; but I don't want to urge you one way or another. I hope you will follow him to his field of service in the small town. You know from Royton he can serve a wide countryside—be an angel of mercy where these young doctors don't seem to want to go nowadays!"

"Angel!" Valerie repeated with a sniff of her Grecian nose. "It sounds pretty, but it doesn't appeal to me. I have made up my mind; if he doesn't love me enough to stay where I want to stay he'll go out to the cows and crossroads without me!"

Valerie heard her father's exclamation as she rushed out at the sound of firm steps on the walk outside. Two minutes later she was looking up from Nelson's arms into his clean-cut, tender face. Swiftly she asked him about his decision. Quietly he answered:

"Yes, we are going to Royton, honey. I have worked hard and my knowledge can be of wide use there. I know what it means—long, hard drives, hard work, but Barnes is too old and he wants me to take over his practice; but we'll have the fun of living where men know each other as they do in a small town."

She backed away from him. "You will give up money and fame, for what? Think, Ned, think!"

His eyes searched hers with keen purpose. "I see—you don't want to go. I had not thought you might disapprove." He was silent in thought for a moment. "Then, sweetheart, this is where the road divides. I am hungry to use my life for service; money and fame I care nothing about—"

"And you care nothing about me?" Even as she spoke she quailed before the deep hurt in his eyes.

"You know I do," he said gently. "But my decision is made."

Her dark eyes flamed. "And so is mine! If you go, you go without me!"

There was a moment of quivering silence between them. She heard as in a dream his serene words:

"Then I go—without you. Good-by!"

There was the sound of a closing door—the sound many a heart has heard, shutting on dreams and hopes forever. She listened a moment with strained attention, turned her head to the chair back, and wept a bit; then, rousing herself with determination went in to her father with the announcement. He did not look at her.

"Don't you think he is foolish? Are you one of those foolish idealists, too?" she asked with some heat.

"Little girl, you have lots to learn, but I believe in letting you learn it. This old world owes a lot to your foolish idealists!" was his brief reply.

Nelson did not come to see her again. She learned that he had closed his hospital work and had gone. Then word came from Doctor Barnes through her father to her. Nelson was taking the burden splendidly from the old physician's shoulders. Nelson 't was who faced the long night drives into the hills where some suffering mother or father or child needed him in some lonely farmhouse back on the distant roads. He won quickly the love of the village, so the old doctor said, and he was happy in his work.

Valerie listened to her father's reading of the letters, and the little ache in her heart began to increase. Gay times did not still it; and often she turned to his last note: "You are my first love—you will be my last!" Then more and more through her consciousness she heard the immortal words of Ruth: "For whither thou goest I shall go. . . . thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God." And that evening she came to her great decision.

Her father smiled in his understanding way, and he made her decision easier for her.

She registered in the Great Northern hospital as a student nurse. The months went by rapidly in the routine work. She learned what suffering was—and healing. A nurse who went to Royton on a case reported that Nelson was engaged to a Royton girl. Valerie took the blow in silence. She was making her atonement. Then came the epidemic sweeping through the mountain valleys and into the cities. Then came word from Nelson for nurses. Two went, and then Valerie asked the superintendent for the next assignment, when she found out the nurse was to go straight to the farm, the doctor coming later.

She went—changed in thought and character. At the little country station a worried farmer met her, and swiftly they threaded the hill roads back to his home; and every mile, it seemed to her, the farmer could think of nothing to tell her but how his doctor was fighting single-handed the disease in the section, tireless as the night and day were long.

Reaching the farmhouse she took up her duties—a mother and two children bitterly ill in the confusion of the little crude home. As twilight came on, she worked, listening for the sound of Nelson's hurrying team.

He came without her knowledge. She was in the kitchen at work over the stove when the door opened. She turned. She saw with a quick pain at her heart the grayness near his temples; but he loomed there before her, strong, resourceful, a tireless enemy of death and grief. She trembled as his gray, searching eyes gazed at her. She saw the wonder grow and spread, then break within them.

"Valerie! You—"

He caught her to him in sufficient understanding; and through the tempest of emotion in her heart sounded softly, if strangely, the words of another who found peace:

Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

Patriotism an Essential Virtue.

What is patriotism? Is it a narrow affection for the spot where a man was born? Are the very clods where we tread entitled to this ardent preference because they are greener? No, sir; this is not the character of the virtue, and it soars higher for its object. It is an extended self-love, mingling with all the enjoyments of life, and twisting itself with the minutest filaments of the heart. It is thus we obey the laws of virtue, because they are the laws of virtue. In their authority we see, not the array of force and terror, but the venerable image of our country's honor. Every good citizen makes that honor his own, and cherishes it not only as precious, but as sacred. He is willing to risk his life in its defense, and is conscious that he gains protection while he gives it.—Fisher Ames.

Field Mouse Builds Nest Skillfully.

The tiny field mouse can give the birds a few pointers on how to build nests. Among the reeds this little animal skillfully fashions the home that two or three times a year shelters a litter of five or six mice. The full-grown rodent is only a trifle more than two inches long, reddish brown on the back, yellowish on the sides, and white on the under side.

It builds its nest of swamp grass and stalks of reed, shredded into long fibers by its sharp teeth. The fibers are skillfully woven into a spherical basket, open at the top, lined with thistledown and silky fibers from the seed pods of other weeds.

The nest is merely the summer home of the mouse, where it rears its young.

Point for Scientists.

Some interesting comparisons have been made between the spectrum of the wonderful variable star Mira and that of titanium oxide. It is found that the two spectra are, for the greater part, identical. Especially the curious bands seen in the spectrum of Mira are shown to be due to titanium oxide. There has also been found evidence of the presence of vanadium in the same star. The lines of titanium and vanadium have likewise been discovered in the light of sun spots, leading one astronomer to remark that the sun spots and the star Mira are evidently very closely connected in physical condition.

"Yuletide."

The etymology of "Yule" conclusively proves the pagan origin of this pleasant old Christmas custom of the Yule festival. The feast of the sun god Thor—always celebrated in Saxon days at the winter solstice—was termed Giul, the signification of which was ale; and of this word Yule is a corruption.

Noise and Production.

Men and bees are much alike. They give up a mighty small quantity of honey in proportion to the amount of noise they make.

Washington's Four Most Beautiful Young Women

"Miss Washington," Miss Evelyn Lewis (second from the left), winner of Washington's 1922 beauty contest, with her three companions snapped at the Wardman Park hotel swimming pool shortly before leaving for Atlantic City. Reading from left to right, they are: Miss Lilas Craig, Miss Lewis, Miss Mae Poole Allen and Miss Maxine De Silvia.

Fight Fire and Water in Wreck

American Professor, Wife and Children Have Exciting Experience in Argentine.

OIL-LADEN VESSEL BLOWS UP

Battle in Water With Fear-Crazed Passengers—Burning Oil Spreads Over Water and Many Are Horribly Burned.

New York.—A burning ship surrounded by a sea of blazing gasoline, attacks by passengers crazed with fear that threatened to impede escape and the buffeting of rough waves were the obstacles that Professor Edward K. Kemmerer of Princeton University, his wife and two children battled against and overcame when the steamer Villefrance was wrecked in the Parana river, Argentine, last June.

Professor Kemmerer, a noted economist, who was at one time financial adviser to the Mexican and Guatemalan governments, returned recently with his family.

It was a dramatic narrative of a fire and shipwreck and the many obstructions that he and his family had to surmount before reaching shore that the professor unfolded. The Kemmerers are the only cabin survivors of the river tragedy.

"We were awakened at 2 a. m. by a roaring explosion," Professor Kemmerer began. "We were in bed and jumped out clad only in our night clothing. Running to the companionway, we found the ship ablaze from stem to stern.

Fire on All Sides.

"We reached the deck, where there were sweeping flames and saw oil burning on the water on all sides. Women and children were running about, some with clothing afire, men were fighting and people were jumping overboard.

"It was terribly hot and people were shouting and shrieking all about and there was great confusion. We saw it all in an instant and we knew we had no time to lose. Suddenly the ship began to list.

"My wife and children—Ruth, twelve, and Donald, sixteen—are good swimmers. I shouted to them to run to the rail and we waited there a few minutes. We could see people who had jumped overboard who had been seized by the flames and were terribly burned, and all seemed to be drowning.

"We saw gradually the flames were dying out, as the oil surface was consumed. That was our chance for life. We dived over. The dive carried us out of reach of the flames near the ship. We swam under water a while.

"There was wreckage about us and many were struggling in the water. We got some distance from the vessel when there was another explosion. That was followed by more flames on the water, as more oil was blown out of the ship's hold where the cargo of gasoline was stored. We looked back and could see the ring of the fire coming on toward us.

Seized by Drowning Man.

"Suddenly I heard my wife scream, she had been seized by a drowning man who had gripped her and would have carried her down. Before I could reach her she had released herself and was swimming on. She was quite exhausted from the effort, however, and she had injured her leg, which had been broken several years ago.

"A man who had been burned and driven insane was on top of a table which had blown from the ship. He sprang off the table on me and after a severe struggle I succeeded in disengaging myself from him.

"When I had done so I found the sea was running higher and we became separated, and unable to get together. Finally, we brought up to shore at various points and were cared for by the natives. It was two hours before I found my wife and children. My wife's face was slightly burned, but she has recovered from it."

THRIFT HABIT IS NOW POPULAR

Average of More Than One Savings Account for Every Family.

Reports to Bankers' Association Give Partial Data for Year Ended June 30, 1921—Total Amount Exceeds $16,600,000,000.

New York.—An average of more than one savings account for every family in the United States is indicated in partial data for the country, compiled by the savings bank division of the American Bankers' association, revealing more than 20,000,000 savings depositors. In addition, there are at least 10,000,000 other owners of savings accounts of varied forms whose numbers cannot be reduced to definite figures.

The summary follows:

"Complete data is practically impossible to obtain under present statistical conditions in regard to savings. But even with all figures lacking for the thousands of state-chartered banks which accept savings in Illinois, Missouri and twenty-three other states, and the District of Columbia, and with only the mutual savings banks out of all the state banks and trust companies in Indiana, Ohio and New Jersey included, the number of savings accounts reported by the federal and state supervisors of banks reached a total of 20,637,851 on June 30, 1921, which is the only date for which the statistics are available. The figures are made as follows:

Mutual savings banks (17 States)..	[illegible]
Other State banks (31 States)	[illegible]
Trust companies (? States)	[illegible]
Private banks (New York only) ..	[illegible]
National banks (all States)	[illegible]
Total reported	20,637,851

"In addition there are millions of savings depositors in the non-reporting states above mentioned, which include not only the South with the exception of the Virginias, but also the great states between the Mississippi and the Rockies except Minnesota. Furthermore, there are perhaps three million owners of time certificates of deposit, which are used in place of savings accounts in rural sections; also the half million patrons of the postal savings system, five million members of building and loan associations and other millions who invest the proceeds of their thrift with life insurance, real estate mortgage and standard industrial and other corporations.

"The total of savings deposits recently was reported by the savings bank division of the American Bankers' association as amounting on June 30, 1921, to $16,618,293,000."

WILL TAP LAST BIG PINE FOREST

Great Tract in Oregon to Be Laid Under the Axe.

Will Be Cut in Rotation so Its Timber Will Never Give Out—When Last Unit Is Cut First Will Be Ready for Cutting Again.

Washington.—The last great tract of untouched pine timber in the United States is soon to be tapped.

Behind the announcement of the forest service regarding the proposed sale of timber in the Malheur National forest, Ore., says a statement by the National Lumber Manufacturers association, lumbermen see the last opportunity for their trade to deal with a virgin pine forest of great extent, and the last opportunity for the settler to take possession of a region remote from railways and markets and virtually unused agriculturally.

"The opening for sale of the timber of the Bear Valley unit of the Malheur National Forest," says the statement, "affects 890,000,000 feet of the great Blue mountains forests now, and means the beginning of the lumbering of the entire forest with its more than 7,000,000,000 feet of timber. To begin the lumbering operations it will be necessary to build about 80 miles of main line railway, besides tap lines, which will open for settlement an agricultural country with area of 10,000 square miles.

"While this ancient forest is doomed the terms are such that the succession of its sylvan posterity is secure. Though the timber now offered for sale by the forest service is sufficient only to keep a moderate sized mill running continuously for twenty years the service will at the end of that time open up another unit and eventually 7,000,000,000 feet of timber will be available. It is reckoned that by the time the last unit is cut over the first one will be ready for cutting again.

"The agricultural development to ensue upon the lumbering activities, which will employ hundreds of men, and the necessary railway building, will demonstrate the policy of using the national forests as an adjunct of the general progress and welfare of adjacent regions. According to the forecast of the forest service there will be at least one logging and lumbering unit that will never have to move on to find new forests, at least one sawmill town, which will never die for lack of material for its industries."

Little Boy Tramp.

Kansas City, Mo.—Frank Neely, nine years of age, of Muskogee, Okla., claimed the runaway championship of the world. Frank, found asleep in an automobile here after riding the rods of a freight train from Muskogee, admitted it was his thirtieth adventure. "He has not been at home three months since he was six years old," his dad wrote the sheriff.

"CITY OF ROOFS"

Description That Aptly Characterizes Japan's Capital.

Tokyo, With Its Architectural Peculiarities, Has Also Been Likened to a Collection of Hencoops.

Tokyo, the capital of Japan, which not long ago gave a right royal welcome to the prince of Wales, covers a larger space in proportion to its population than any other capital city in the world, except, perhaps, Peking.

The reason is the same as that which makes London, and American cities, too, in proportion to their number of inhabitants, incomparably vaster than Paris, or Berlin, or Vienna—the tendency for each family to live under his own roof tree. But as the average Japanese family is much poorer than the average Londoner, and as in any case Japanese houses are minute creations of wood and paper, this city of hardly more than 2,000,000 souls occupies a space hardly less than that of Greater London.

Some years ago a Japanese painter exhibited in the annual Academy of Tokyo a picture of the capital as seen from one of its northern hills. He entitled it "A City of Roofs," and the title was an apt one. Each roof measures only a few square yards, and of the myriads of houses the vast majority are only one or two stories high. Even so, the buildings are so tiny by European standards that one can almost touch the eaves with one's hand without stretching, and so frail that one could effect burglarious entry with a pair of pocket-scissors.

Were it not for the exquisite taste of Japanese architecture, even in mean houses, and the exquisite cleanliness of Japanese personal habits, one might not unfairly compare Tokyo to a city of hencoops.

Save for one main street, the world-famous Ginza, which is the Broadway of Tokyo, the city's streets are quite unpaved. In the wet season the surface mud is so deep and sticky that it will suck a pair of low shoes off a European's feet. The Japanese do not mind the mud, because they wear wooden pattens or geta in the wet season. The deeper the mud, the bigger the geta.

The streets are merely narrow lanes between the hencoops, so narrow that one can almost touch either side by stretching the arms. Right and left of the street are deep ditches of unspeakable filth bridged by stone flags at the entrance to each house or shop.

After all, medieval London was hardly better. And the truth about Japan is that still today it is medieval, both in its absence of sanitation and its morality.

At the very first glance a European arriving in Yokohama or Tokyo recognizes this medievalism. The coolies, the rickshawmen, the working class, are clad in jerkin and blue tights; they might, but for their Mongol faces, be "supers" in the conventional stage setting of "Henry IV."

To imagine Tokyo or any other Japanese city properly one might first imagine London in the Fourteenth century, and then imagine that London equipped with every modern appliance save paving and sanitation, with trams, electric railways, the telephone and electric lights. But to complete the picture one must imagine a decorative, graphic and architectural art as living and spontaneous and gracious as that of London of the Fourteenth century.

Good Reason.

Booth, the tragedian (father of Edwin Booth), had a broken nose. A lady once remarked to him, "I like your acting, Mr. Booth, but to be frank with you, I can't quite get over your nose." "No wonder, madam," replied he, "The bridge is gone."

Agricultural Economics.

Agricultural colleges in 45 states are giving courses in agricultural economics and allied subjects this year. In a number of states the courses include studies in marketing, co-operation, farm management, and commercial geography. The United States Department of Agriculture is watching the work with great interest.

Threshing in Tibet.

The threshing of barley in Tibet is an amusing process. It is strewn several inches deep in an enclosure of hard earth, into which a number of yaks, frightened by the beating of drums, are driven back and forth over the barley.

Moments Worth Remembering.

You will find, as you look back upon your life, that the moments that stand out above everything else are the moments when you have done things in a spirit of love.—Henry Drummond.

Coal in Industrial Use.

Not until the middle of the Eighteenth century did coal become of industrial importance.

bring liquor back. | and difficult obstacles would be encountered; there were and | thousands, and eight to help you. | ican who could pass through the country without having a marriage thrust | who answers that I wish to speak to my building," he said | London.—The Geographical Journal, the organ of the Geographical society,